

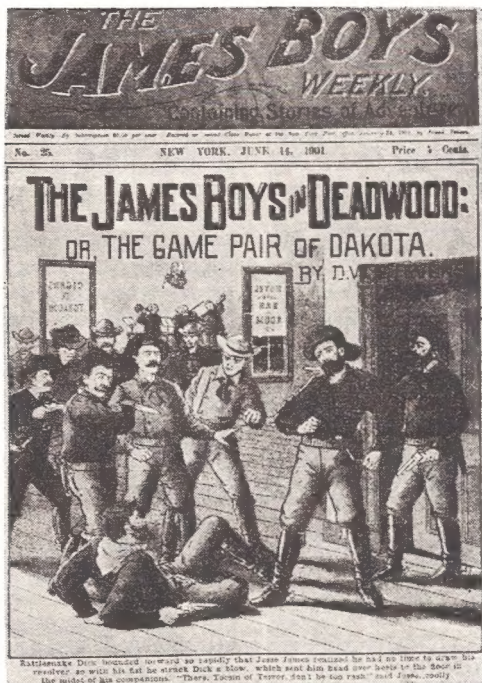
DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 31 No. 10

October 15, 1963

Whole No. 373



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 49

JAMES BOYS WEEKLY

139 issues beginning Dec. 28, 1900 and ending August 21, 1903. 8x11 with 32 pages. Issued weekly. Published by Frank Tousey. Reprinted stories first appearing in the New York Detective Library published by Tousey in the 1890's. Brilliant colored covers.

THE TWO KING BRADYS AND THEIR GIRL DETECTIVE

By J. Edward Leithead

Cordier illustrated his "point that Doughty had animus toward doctors" by excerpts from Secret Service as follows:

No. 270, The Bradys and Dr. Dockery, or, The Secret Band of Seven:

"'This way,' said the doctor, throwing open the door of an elegantly furnished private office. He fixed his eyes upon the detective as he stood aside to permit him to pass in ahead of him. Such a keen, cold, steely glitter Old King Brady thought he had never seen in human eyes.

"'That man would sell his own brother for money,' he said to himself.

"Dr. Dockery followed him into the office and closed the door."

No. 339, The Bradys and the Seven Masks, or, Strange Doings at the Doctors' Club, "exhibiting," says Cordier, "Doughty's wealth of out-of-the-way knowledge as well as his bias against doctors":

"Young King Brady had made a discovery which definitely settled the question as to where the headless corpses found in the East River had come from. One glance showed him how the bodies had been thrown into the river. Hurrying to the window, where the blinds were closed, he threw up one and turned the slats. This showed him more plainly the strange machine which stood facing the other window. It was the reproduction of an ancient Balastre.

"Who knows what a Balastre is? Not one in a thousand, and yet at one stage in the world's history it was the most formidable engine of war known. Imagine a movable platform controlled by a powerful screw and a huge bow. By winding up the screw you got a force of immense capacity.

By suddenly loosening the bow, done by springing a simple ratchet, said force was exerted, the platform thrown forward and at the same time tilted up at a given angle. As will be readily seen without further description, whatever then rests upon that platform is bound to shoot through the air with great speed. The platform was of sufficient length to accommodate a human body. There beside it lay a headless body ready to be launched into space on the first dark night."

No. 436, The Bradys and the Doctors' Death League, or, The Mystery of the Boy in Red:

"It was one chance in a thousand, and Young King Brady started to make the most of it without any loss of time. He crept to the curtains and listened. Dr. Passmore, Dr. Mullin and Dr. Ferguson were the occupants of the room. They sat at a long table Dr. Passmore being at the head, reading. Harry thought, as he gazed at these men, he had never seen such hard, cruel-looking faces in spite of the intelligence which each one bore."

It is curious that George Cardier hardly mentioned the Bradys' Chintown cases. These appeared often showing their great popularity. Before going into some detail about them, I should mention a third member of the Brady Detective Bureau, Alice Montgomery, for she was very prominent in the perilous business of solving Chinese puzzles, as most of you will remember. There was a series of four stories connected with her introduction in Secret Service and Cordier makes a good job of reporting it:

"In the first story (SS 415, The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low, or, The Deepest Mott Street Mystery), Alice

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is discovered unconscious in a closet in a cellar of New York's Chinatown, with papers and rubbish piled against the door, all ablaze, as though someone was trying to burn her to death. To quote from the story:

"What Old King Brady saw was a young girl lying upon a mattress inside the little room. She was a perfect beauty of the blonde type. Above the average height, her features were exquisitely molded. Pale as death as she lay there, looking more like a wax figure than a living woman."

"Alice," Cordier goes on, "is cared for tenderly by the Bradys and turns out to be a highly intelligent young woman, normal in all respects except that she has lost her memory and is unable to give any account of herself. It is learned, however, that she has enemies who seek to do her harm."

"In the second story (SS 416, *The Bradys and the Beaumont Oil King*, or, *Three Bad Men from Texas*), it is related (among other things) how at last Old King Brady, under the feminine influence of Alice, is induced to leave the dingy office over the saloon in Park Row and move uptown to better quarters.

"In the third story (SS 417, *The Bradys and the Prince of Persia*, or, *After the Tuxedo Crooks*), Alice comes up against a skilled crook who had known her in the past, and who threatened her life.

"In the fourth and last of this series (SS 418, *The Bradys and Captain Darke*, or, *The Mystery of the China Liner*), Alice is discovered to be the daughter of a missionary long residing in China, an expert linguist who had instructed her in her extensive knowledge of various languages, and especially that difficult language, the Chinese. Her father having died, Alice was without resources, and being in Sydney, Australia at the time she accepted a position with the Secret Service of that country. She became highly valued for her knowledge of Chinese and in time proved herself an expert detective. While following up a case which involved titled English people she was forced to drink a dose of

Chinese medicine which caused her loss of memory and all knowledge of her former life except that she recalled her name was Alice. Old King Brady takes her to a famous Chinese doctor in Honolulu, from whom she receives an antidote for the drug she had taken, restoring her memory completely."

Neither Old King Brady nor Harry liked exposing Alice to the hazards of a Chinatown case, for often she was alone, in male Chinese disguise, but her understanding of the language, so unusual in a white person that she seldom was suspected of being one, was more or less a protection and certainly of inestimable value to the Brady partners in dealing with the Chinese. Even more than his chief (whom he called "governor") Young King Brady was dubious about permitting the lovely Alice to risk another trip into the secret dens, underground hideaways and shadowy, evil-smelling alleys where often lurked the high-linders or hatchet men who carried on the tong wars (the Hip Sing Tong, the On Leong Tong), for, naturally enough, Harry had fallen very much in love with Alice. But Alice would reply, "Permit me! Young man, I'm not yet married to you, and since I'm quite taken with my work for the Brady Detective Bureau, I can't say when I'll be able to set the date for our marriage." Or words to that effect. And sadly enough for us interested readers, Alice never did get to set the date.

An early issue of *Secret Service* about a Chinatown case was No. 152, *Fan Toy, the Opium Queen*, or, *The Bradys and the Chinese Smugglers*. Quoting from it:

"Which way now?" asked Harry, when they reached the street (the Bradys were leaving the Elizabeth Street, Sixth Precinct police station near New York's Chinatown).

"Down to 30 Mott Street. I expect to find the Queen in Quong Sun Chong & Co.'s place. That's Fan Toy's headquarters," answered Old King Brady.

"They soon reached the section encompassed by Mott Street from Chat-ham Square to Pell Street and Pell

to the Bowery. This triangle was bisected by the crooked, winding lane called Doyers Street. It was a dirty neighborhood, nearly all the brick and wooden buildings having Chinese signs and banners fastened to them.

"About the year 1878 a Chinaman named We Kee settled at No. 8 Mott Street and formed the nucleus of what is now one of the most densely populated Chinese districts in the country. At the present time a Mayor, named Lee Chuck, presides over the district as the head of a sort of municipal assembly. (This issue of Secret Service dated Dec. 20, 1901). He exercises a system of Chinese laws, which are respected more than the ordinances of our city.

"It was Sunday—a gala-day in that district, for all the laundry-men from miles around gather there that day for the purpose of purchasing soap, starch, food and clothing for the ensuing week. As all Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and some of them are opium fiends, a great many gamble and smoke away the money they bring to buy supplies before any purchases can be made.

"The Bradys knew this, and were aware that the slant-eyed land sharks who ran the joints would have their places operating in full blast that day. Upon reaching Quong Sun Chong & Co.'s place, the detectives found it to be a tea store, in the doorway of which stood a sleepy-looking Chinaman, in baggy pants and blouse of blue jeans, embroidered sandals and a long queue. He was smoking a long-stemmed bamboo pipe with a small, silver bowl, and nodded carelessly to the detectives when they passed inside.

"The tea store was merely a "blind." A white sign at the door told its character. Passing through a door in the rear, they found themselves in a fine fantan room, crowded with Chinese gamblers at four tables. All the furnishings were Oriental and Mongol signs hung on the walls.

"A croupier sat at the end of each table, which was covered with matting, a pile of money before him, and a dealer at the other end of the table

was switching a lot of little pearl buttons back and forth under a brass bowl with a long ebony chop-stick. Upon the table was a quadrangular piece of board twelve inches square, the sides being numbered I, II, III, IV, in Chinese figures.

"The dealer took a handful of buttons from a box, placed them under the inverted bowl, and the gamblers began to bet by placing various sums of money on and about the numbers on the board. Then the dealer tilted the bowl and with the chop-stick raked out four buttons from under it. This he continued to do until few buttons were left and one more rake would bring them to view.

"If the remaining buttons were four in number, the Chinaman betting on numeral IV would win three dollars for one, less seven per cent., which is called 'soi,' and goes to the bank. Sometimes the money is placed 'Chang How' on the number, betting, for instance, on the III to win against the I to lose. The gambler can only win if the III comes out, and only loses when the I shows. The croupier took all the money lost, and paid all the bets.

"The Bradys were not interested in the game, however. They were looking for the Opium Queen, and they quickly observed her sitting back in a secluded corner of the room, talking to a finely dressed Chinaman.

"During the course of former detective business in Chinatown, the Bradys had become acquainted with Fan Toy. She was a white girl, about twenty-five years old. Her jet-black hair was arranged in the Chinese fashion, and was ornamented with jeweled and ivory pins and combs of odd design. A lovely pair of bare arms projected from the loose-flowing sleeves of her figured kimono, her nether limbs were clad in loose silken trousers, gathered at her dainty ankles, blue silk sandals covered her tiny feet and she carried a beautiful pearl fan.

"Glancing up at the Bradys as they approached, she said something to her companion, calling him Ching Foon, and he hastily departed. Greet-

ing the detectives with a pleasant smile that displayed her even white teeth, she bowed slightly and said in low, musical tones:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am glad to see you."

"Fan Toy," answered Old King Brady, as he ignored the melting glance she bestowed upon him, 'do you know why we are here?'

"I have a faint idea, Mr. Brady," she replied leisurely.

"And your impression is?'

"That Jo Sung has been lying about me."

"No, madam, that Chinaman proved his words true."

Jo Sung had told Old King Brady she was mixed up in the opium smuggling they were investigating and was selling it to the patrons of the Chinatown joints. Old King Brady let her understand he wasn't to be bluffed and Fan Toy turned tigress. The Bradys hadn't quite got the goods on her yet. The hot wrangle—she flew at the old detective and he only laughed when her jeweled fingers clutched at the well-known stock and stand-up collar—had drawn the attention of the Chinese gamblers, "who bent black looks upon the detectives, and not a few drew weapons from the folds of their clothing . . . Pointing at the crowd, the old detective said, coolly:

"Call off your boys, Fan, or they'll get hurt!"

"I'll have them tear you to pieces!" she screamed.

" . . . The crowd rushed the Bradys. Quick as a flash the plucky officers drew a brace of pistols apiece from their pockets, faced the yellow horde, and Old King Brady cried:

"Halt!"

"Alarmed, they obeyed.

"Back with you!"

"The Chinamen recoiled. As they hesitated, four shots roared out and they dashed through the door, passed through the store and plunged into Mott Street. A grim smile crossed Old King Brady's face as he turned to Fan Toy and said contemptuously

"Fine defenders you've got!"

"Indignation at her cowardly friends

struggled for supremacy in her mind with secret admiration of the detectives' courage.

"They're a lot of old women!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Fan," said Old King Brady, 'we want to warn you to give up this smuggling business. Don't interrupt me with useless denials. We know very well what your game is and we are going to watch you . . . We've got your opium from the steamer Peking, and we have Tom Sherman, the steward, and Charles Morris, the purser, in jail . . ."

Did Fan Toy give up dope peddling? You know she didn't! She died by her own hand—poisoned, at the moment of her arrest by the Bradys—in the last paragraphs.

This story, with its description of Chinatown and habitues, you would think had been written by Francis Worcester Doughty, but it does not bear Doughty's trade-mark, the title brought in at the end, and I believe that Walter Fenton Mott was the author.

Compare it with this quotation from an issue dated the following April 25, 1902, positively identified as the old master Doughty's work by his trade-mark and the very natural dialogue, even to Ong Sing's pidgin-English, Secret Service No. 170, The Bradys and the Opium Ring, or, The Clew in Chinatown:

"No man in New York knew this mysterious slum, Chinatown, better than the old detective. He had many friends among the Celestials. When a man has a Chinese for a friend, he has a friend worth having, as a rule. Chinamen never forget an obligation.

"To get his letter read Old King Brady thought he knew just where to go. Turning up Pell Street the detective entered a rickety tenement, passed through to a rear building and entered a dirty opium den. An old Chinaman with big, horn spectacles met him at the door.

"Blady!" he cried. "Welcome, Blady! What want now?"

"Your help, Ong Sing," replied Old King Brady, shaking hands.

"'You have him, Blady. Any'ting you want. Ong Sing him help you allee time. Have a pipe and a shot of dope?'"

"Ong Sing grinned hideously as he said it. It was the Chinaman's little joke.

"'You know I never hit the pipe, Sing,' replied Old King Brady. 'I want you to read some Chinese writing for me, that's all.'"

"'Mebbe you ask too muchee, Blady.'"

"'Why do you say that?'"

"'See, Blady. Many kinds talkee in China, many kinds writtee, too. No allee samee; no, no!'"

"'I know that, still you can try.'"

"'Yes, yes! Me try. Me speakee Quantong, talkee and readee Quantong, writtee—no odder kind, Blady. Too bad. All difflent kinds. Allee samee English, Ilish, Frenchee, Spanish—you know?'"

"'Here it is, Sing. What do you make of it?'"

"Old King Brady pulled out the scraps of the torn letter and put them about on the table. Ong Sing shot a hasty glance at them and shook his head.

"'No, no, Blady. No readee,' he said.

"'That's bad,' said Old King Brady.

"'No Chinese,' said Sing.

"'Then what the deuce is it? These fly tracks look like the real thing to me.'"

"'Dat Manchu, Blady. North China talkee. Oh, yes.'"

"'Well, then, it's up to you to find me a man who can read it, Sing.'"

"'Me know no man. Me know Manchu woman around Mott Street—yes.'"

"'Let us go to her at once.'"

"Ong Sing shook his head.

"'Solly, berry solly,' he said. 'Her man no likee me. We no speakee. Her man Highbinder. Gee, Blady! Mebbe he kill me if me go to see him girl.'"

Ong Sing "mucilaged the torn scraps of letter on a sheet of paper," took Old King Brady around to a Chinese theatre in Doyers Street and introduced him to an actor he thought could read Manchu. The actor wrote out what was supposed to be a trans-

lation into English, a harmless enough message about ten boxes of Pekoe tea. and Ong Sing crumpled up and threw away the original message in Chinese. But Old King Brady retrieved it and parted from Ong Sing, after paying him five dollars for nothing.

"As Ong Sing put his hands in his sleeves and toddled off, Old King Brady shook his fist after him.

"'You yellow rascal!' he muttered. 'You will fool me, will you? I smell a mouse. That letter means a lot. Thank goodness I still have the original and the Cantonese translation, too.'"

"The detective then started to go around into Mott Street where he knew of another person whom he thought he could work."

This story was written long before Doughty had brought Alice Montgomery into the picture, else Old King Brady wouldn't have had to leave his office to get a clear translation of anything in Chinese—and other languages—from his female assistant. Old King Brady, in later stories, also depended much on information he could draw from an aged keeper of an opium joint, one Quong Lee. He had been able to do Quong a big favor one time and the old Chinese never forgot. Whenever he could help the Bradys without making himself a target for hatchet men (and he sometimes even took the risk of that), Quong came across with the desired information if he had it to give. He once had the distinction of getting his name in a title, Secret Service No. 531, The Bradys and Quong Lee, or, The Dog-faced Man of Chinatown. I well remember the picture on the cover for a very special reason: "the dog-faced man", with long hair like a spaniel covering his features resembled "Jo-Jo, the Dog-faced Boy," whom I saw at the Barnum & Bailey Circus sideshow when I was a boy, long years before it combined with Ringling Bros. Circus.

Speaking of these cover pictures generally, Secret Service had its full share of startling ones—and before I forget it, Alice Montgomery, always the beautiful blonde except for the few times she was depicted in Chinese dis-

guise, reflected the current style in ladies' hats and dresses of the early 1900's, changing her costume with just about every issue. There was No. 151, *The Bradys in Five Points*, or, *The Skeleton in the Cellar*, showing Old King Brady and Harry exhuming a skeleton from a shallow grave in a dingy basement, and on the wooden-railed stairway behind them a sinister-looking hunchback with an over-large head is descending. L. Morgan had an article in *Dime Novel Roundup* for July 1942 in which he described his "Collection of Horror and Thrills" dime novels. He said, in part:

"Secret Service leads the field in my unusual collection. No. 450, 'The Bradys' Church Vault Mystery is a honey, and those dealing with New York's Chinatown, the lower Bowery and that section of New York in the vicinity of Brooklyn Bridge and Park Row unfold plenty of action. The scene on the cover of No. 450 is the interior of a dimly lighted church; a secret door in the aisle has opened and through the opening in a cloud of vapor drifts a skeleton, a dagger suspended above its head; the Bradys are all set to make the 'kill'; the caption reads, 'Then out of the vault, amid a cloud of vapor, a startling apparition arose. It was a human skeleton clothed in a white robe which, flying open, exposed the grisly frame.' You would have to see this one to appreciate it. Many Secret Service illustrations went strong on rattling the bones—take a look at No. 254, 'The Bradys' Graveyard Clew,' if you have this copy in your collection; as fine a collection of skeletons appear on the cover as you could find in any bone-yard."

No. 443, *The Bradys and the Death Trunk* was one that, on account of its startling cover, I remember I was eager to purchase and read—the Bradys and Alice Montgomery in the foreground with the "death trunk" they had traced to the lair of the "Chicago Secret Seven," a menacing group of red-hooded figures in the background. Old King Brady is raising the trunk lid, all three detectives are bending forward to look. The cap-

tion ends with, "What was in the trunk?" I expected it would be a dismembered body when I paid my nickel and settled down to read. What was in the trunk? Nothing! It was empty! But Doughty and the Bradys and Alice didn't let me down. It was a very good detective yarn.

I might also mention several Chinatown cases by Doughty which had an exceptional amount of Chinese atmosphere in both text and pictures: No. 357, *The Bradys in "Little Pekin,"* No. 381, *The Bradys and Dr. Ding*, No. 457, *The Bradys and the Queen of the Highbinders* and No. 491, *The Bradys and the Queen of Pell Street*.

Secret Service originals ended with No. 726, *The Bradys and the Tiger Tamer*, or, *The Clew in the Green Box* by Lu Senarens, who had been writing them for some time, as before mentioned. Tousey then started reprinting the series from No. 2, *Told by the Ticker*, and new illustrations replaced the old ones in the early numbers by A. Berghaus. The weekly ceased publication in May, 1925, the last issue being numbered 1374. A great detective, his partners and their female assistant and a great detective series had taken the last bow.

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DIME NOVELS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

October 1863

October, 1863, was a lean month for "true" dime novels. Only two were issued, both by Beadle. Beadles Dime Novels No. 60 was issued on the first; "Jo Daviess' Client; or, Courting in Kentucky". Beadles Dime Tales No. 2 was published on the 15th and featured a number of short frontier stories including the following: "Big Joe Logston," "Deborah, the Maiden Warrior," "General Morgan's Prayer," and "Bravery of the Johnson Boys."

In London the Beadle Company issued No. 32 of Beadles American Library, titled "The King's Man." A Tale of South Carolina in Revolutionary Times by A. J. H. Duganne.

On October 10 the New York Ledger began a new story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., titled "Nora Deane; or, The Guerrillas of Millbrook." A Story of the Present Struggle. The week before, on October 3 "The Wrecked Steamer". A Tale of 1852 by P. Hamilton Myers was completed. In Boston, The Flag of Our Union featured "Sir Rashleigh's Secret; or, The Mystery of Sybil's Cliff." A Romance of Crime and Retribution, by Francis A. Durivage.

During the month T. B. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia published in paper covers "The Rejected Wife" by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and "The Shadow of Ashlydyat" by Mrs. Henry Wood. Sheldon & Co. issued Charles Dickens' "Hard Times."

One new short-lived story paper was started in Boston named "The Union League," Samuel T. Cobb & Co. was publisher.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Eddie:

Did you know that Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey wrote a small book called "The Magic Story." It was written about 1928, and was 48 pages. As I remember it was a sort of philosophy of success. I know I bought it several years ago out of curiosity, and it was something like that. Also I guess

you knew he committed suicide in San Jose along about the same time.

—Albert E. Johnson, Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Ed: I guess subscription time for the Round-up is coming around again so am making enclosures. Have not made any further progress in obtaining anything from this part of the world but will always be on the lookout. Have got quite a good representative collection of old American papers and it is quite a show on its own. I am a bit weak on English comic papers, Film Fun, Puck, etc. If you have any or know where there are any in the States for disposal, let me know.

Albert Watkin, Greymouth, New Zealand

Hi Ed: (Leithead): I have read all of your many articles in DNR with much interest. They are very helpful to us collectors. George French.

Dear Ed:

I would like to suggest that a convention of dime novel collectors be held. I have sounded members in various parts of the country. All are enthusiastic about the idea but distance, finances and time to attend seem to be the drawbacks to a national convention. Cummings, Claggett and others are for a convention but raise the same objections about distance of travel, cost and the time element. So I would like to outline a plan which I think would be favorable to many of the H. H. B. members.

Suggested Plan for H. H. B. Conventions—

Hold sectional or regional conventions during each year in various parts of the U. S. to be attended by the members living in each particular locality.

Tabulating the H. H. B. membership by states and then grouping them into regions we have approximately:

Northeast: Maine, Mass., Conn., N. H., R. I., N. Y., and N. J.—101 members.

Midwest: Ark., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kan., Mich., Mo., Minn., Mont., Ohio, Okla., Wisc.—60 members.

Near South: Ky., Md., N. C., S. C., Tenn., Va., Wash. D. C., West Va.—18 members.

South: Ala., Fla., Ga.—14 members.
South Central: Texas, La.—5 members.

Far West: Calif., Colo., Ore., Wash.—31 members.

Some members may be located closer to another group convention point or find it easier to attend another area meeting. In other words, the areas could be regrouped by states. Boiled down, the member could attend the get-together nearest his home.

Now let's take the largest group—New England, New York and New Jersey. Consulting maps and Geely-bound-Trailways bus line timetables I reason, Hartford, Conn., would be the logical city to hold a gathering of Eastern H. H. B. members. Hartford is about three and one-half hours running time from Boston or New York. Leave New York City, Boston or vicinity about 8 a.m., be in Hartford before lunch time. Assemble at a moderate priced hotel. Many hotels give a private assembly room or dining room free to attract a lunch business.

In three or four hours we could do a lot of talking. Best time to hold the get-together would be of a week end. Those who wished could stay over at hotel a night or two and continue talks and business, in hotel rooms.

When I quized Ralph Cummings about a convention, the objections he raised in his reply were: the cost and time for the trip.

A possible way to offset the cost would be purchase, sale, and exchange of novels, books and so forth. As to time available, convention could be held on a week end, when most members are free. Many in D. N. deals could make trip expenses. The gathering would be worthwhile I'm sure. We would get acquainted instead of being (most of us) just names on a sheet of paper. It would be very enjoyable and profitable in many ways for all of us. I've been to New England and spent a day with a couple of members, learned a lot about D. N. and enjoyed every minute of my stay.

Suppose only twenty members of the 101 in the East attended the Eastern Convention? It would still be a

success. Hearing of the activities from those who attended, many others would be inspired to attend future conventions. Those in other areas could select their own rallying points. The midwest should also be well represented at regional convention if one is held in that part of the country.

Guess that about covers the idea. Plenty of room for criticism, comment and ideas to improve my humble efforts. Please sound some of the members in your vicinity and write me your and their comments when you have the time to spare. I would be pleased to hear from other members with ideas and suggestions.

—Edward J. McNabb

WANTED!

I will pay \$5.00 each for Frank Leslie's Boys of America Nos. 48, 52, 54, 56 and 58. Must be in fine condition.

CAPT. C. G. MAYO

Wild Acres Farm, Huntington, Vt.

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I certify that the statements made by
me above are correct and complete.

Edward T. LeBlanc

LONG RUNS AND VOLUMES

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- Argosy (Golden Argosy). Vols. 5 and 6 (104 numbers). Good. Not bound. Contains Six Alger serials, among much else. Lot, \$35.
- Girls and Boys of America Munro 1876). #123 to 152, \$30.00
#139 to 175, \$35.00. 82 to 100 (some only fair), \$10.00
- Buffalo Bill Stories #1 to 591 (with 20 numbers missing), Nearly complete set. Part bound. Some no covers, some fair, but mostly good. A rare old weekly to find complete. \$475.00
- Old Cap Collier Library. Black and white, large page, 10c edition). 8 different, \$15.00. (10c regular original edition, 8 for \$12.00)
- Boys and Girls Weekly. (Leslie). Complete set. 905 numbers. \$600
- Pleasant Hours. (Leslie). 1886 and 1887 complete. (24 numbers) \$6.
- Leslie's Popular Monthly. 1891 to 1893. (36 numbers). Bound in six volumes. \$20.00
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